

The Republican.

No. 16. Vol. 1.] LONDON, FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1819. [Price. 2d.

A LETTER TO LORD CASTLEREAGH,
On the Bill which he has brought into the House of Commons to annihilate the Liberty of the Press.

MY LORD,

You have brought into the House one of the strangest, most unconstitutional bills that has ever been read there. You have openly and wantonly attacked the liberties of your country; you have dared to propose transportation as the punishment of what you, and two or three despots, are pleased to call Libels, and you seem to hope that you will be allowed to do so with impunity! Heaven grant that you may be disappointed. If your bill pass, I do not hesitate to say, that this kingdom, once the proudest monument of liberty, will be changed into a dreary dungeon of despotism! You attempt to tear up by the root, the fairest, most beautiful plant that the hand of Liberty ever fostered—you attempt to poison the purest fountain which God and Nature have opened to the human race—and you do all this under pretence of *securing* the freedom of the English Nation! Immortal God! what mask will not a hypocrite wear! “If the present state of things continue,” you say, “it will be impossible for the country long to resist the mass of crime and seductive reasoning issued from the press.” My Lord! you mistake the matter—the sentence ought to run thus:—“if the present distresses of the country be not in some measure alleviated, if the grievances of which the nation complains so loudly, be not speedily redressed, if Britons, while sinking under the weight of

Printed and Published by T. Davison, 10, Duke-street, Smithfield.

taxation, be not allowed to say that the burden is greater than they are able to bear, it will be impossible for the People long to resist the evidence so forcibly conveyed to the heart by every sense and every feeling of man!" But you tell us that you only mean to apply your sage observations to *treasonable* and *blasphemous* publications—a most excellent doctrine, indeed, my Lord. What a blessing to the country, that so *pious* and *honest* a man has *slipped* into the ministry! but will you allow me to comment, and paraphrase a little on this lovely text of yours; which means, if you will candidly confess the truth, that you only intend to apply your observations to those pamphlets, in which your conduct and the conduct of your fellow-labourers in your Lord's vineyard, has been discussed with a freedom and familiarity that has stung your conscience (if you have one), and offended your aristocratical pride (of which you have certainly a good share). My gracious, and most learned Lord, I hope this does not look like a libel—if it does, what an excellent opportunity of revenge it will afford your Lordship.

But to the point—Your colleague, Lord Sidmouth, has acknowledged, (for who can deny it?) that much danger exists; you, and all the rest of the ministry, know it to be true; and yet you go on proposing violent measures, and bringing bills into the House which are a libel upon human nature. What, in the name of heaven, has inspired you with this desperate frenzy? What demon has impelled you to throw down the gauntlet, and bid defiance to the good sense of the English People? Your impudence in reading such a Bill in an English House of Commons, calls to my memory the effrontery of Catiline, who dared to appear in the Roman Senate House after his nefarious design had been in part discovered. And, my Lord, I would remind you of the fate of Catiline, and of the convulsions which his death gave birth to. The fine statue of Liberty, whose likeness is engraven on every Briton's heart, which our venerable ancestors imagined they were consecrating to eter-

nity, which has been adorned and admired by the great and the wise of every age, around whose base patriots and heroes have rallied, and fought, and bled; which nations have envied, and despots opposed in vain—is now opposed to you, my Lord; and you are determined to overthrow it! But before you attempt to push this mighty statue from its base, I would have you pause—I would have you survey it carefully—observe on which side it leans—lest, in the hurry of your intemperate zeal, you give it a wrong impulse and pull down the mighty mass in thunder about your own heads, and bury yourself and all that assist you in irrevocable ruin.

This, my Lord, is not what *may* happen; it *must* and *will* happen, if you persist in robbing us of our rights; and it is the undoubted right of every Englishman to express his sentiments freely, when those sentiments are conformable to the eternal order of things; that is, when they are not opposed to justice and equity. You perhaps are offended at the freedom with which I deprecate the woes of despotism, with which I pry into the conduct of ministers, and censure that conduct when I think it wrong. But, my Lord, this is precisely what I ought to do; this is my duty, this is what the nation expects of me, and this is what I will do, till despotism be destroyed, or till the heart that now beats high in the cause of Freedom, shall cease its throbblings on the scaffold.

But, my Lord, I am no incendiary; I would excite no one to acts of violence; I write no blasphemy; I publish no sedition;—all I want is truth, and liberty, and justice; and who does not see that we now stand in need of the promulgation of truth? of the re-establishment of liberty; of the impartial administration of justice? every body sees it, my Lord, and sees it with regret. But perhaps you will tell me, that some people stand so high, they are out of the reach of justice and the laws! A melancholy consideration, my Lord; but it may perhaps be true. On this subject I will venture to ask your Lordship a few questions.

Should a citizen of a free state, by plotting, and scheming, and cruelty, contrive to render himself absolute, so perfectly absolute, that his fellow citizens beheld him with terror, and were unable to put their laws in force against him, what are the citizens to do? are they to sit tamely by, and see him rob them of their rights, insult them in their miseries, and triumph over their wretchedness and despair? or are they to take arms to vindicate their claims to humanity, to protect their wives from insult, and their children from slavery? would the laws of nature authorize them to meet him in the field? or, if their forces were too small, to dispatch him in the best manner they were able? These, my Lord, are great and important questions, and perfectly worthy your most serious consideration. * * * *

Mr. Tierney, a man whom your Lordship cannot pretend to despise, has already announced to the nation that the grounds for the proposed measures were the Papers presented to the House by your Lordship, and that a more garbled, mutilated account of the transactions which they professed to detail, had never been submitted to the House. "Your Lordship has asserted," says Mr. Tierney, "that the main body of the nation is sound and loyal; and also that the nation is flourishing internally, and that the only exception to the countries which supported our commerce is America." Certainly, if these representations are to be believed in opposition to the evidences of our own senses, the country ought to be in a very happy condition; but as if the People were become blind and perverse, it turns out that not only 10,000 soldiers are to be placed over them, but that those soldiers are to be backed by statutes hitherto unknown; and after all this, they are to be assured that their condition is fortunate, and their finances flourishing!

In answer to all this, what did your Lordship reply? Nothing; you confessed that there was much distress in the country, but you thought it was very much exaggerated. A very poor answer to the slashing attack of your opponent. Something better might fairly have been expected from

such an expert quibbler as you—but such is the fate of man! all his vanity and all his impudence sometimes forsake him when he stands most in need of them.

I must now entreat your Lordship's attention while I say a few words on your attempt to put down all public meetings. What meetings do you think will ever take place, if they are to be under the restrictions mentioned in the Bill? Who will ever wish to assemble if they must never hear any other orator than the parish priest? Who will venture to stand in a crowd where nothing but spies and informers are to be seen, lurking about to report every word he may utter; while the reporters for the public journals are necessarily excluded, as no man dare remain in a meeting more than a quarter of an hour, when it is out of his own parish, unless he has an inclination to see Botany Bay?

This is a strange doctrine to preach to Englishmen, my Lord, and a doctrine that they cannot hear without horror and detestation. Who would believe, that in the nineteenth century, in an era, when even the People begin to think philosophically, sentiments so full of tyranny and despotism should be broached in an English House of Commons? Yet this is the fact, and the nation seems terrified at your audacity. But do not presume too much upon the passive character of the People: there are insults and outrages which they will not suffer tamely; and you do not know but that this prohibition to meet in a public manner may be among the number. If one may credit history, the right of assembling publicly is one of the first principles of the British Constitution; and if you will believe me, my Lord, to take away that right is to destroy the Constitution altogether. And when you have destroyed the Constitution, what do you mean to give the People in the stead of it? A military despotism? or a Republic? or a monstrous mixture and compound of every species of Government? It is possible you are not yet determined on that head; so that perhaps it would be impolite to ask you any more

questions about it. A military despotism would perhaps be the government *after your own heart*; but then the People, who may take it into their heads that they will be consulted on ~~these~~ *these* affairs, may not admire that species of misrule—and as to a Republic, it is very probable that you detest the name; since I am told that even the very title of this publication has alarmed some of the newly initiated. I know it has not alarmed you—that would be impossible; veterans are seldom frightened at squibs. However, though its title may have an alarming signification in the estimation of a corrupt and vitiated administration, it would be perfectly harmless in the opinion of a government that respected the RES PUBLICA which it is said to signify.

It has been my fate to peruse within these last few days such a mass of detestable nonsense, wherein this paper and its former editor have been abused in such an ignorant spiteful manner, that it almost disgusted me with politics, since such a mob of ridiculous scribblers presume to meddle with it. Some of them are perhaps men of fortune; and such are sure to fall upon poor scribblers without mercy, tell them they write in a garret, &c. not considering that good sense has sometimes been written in a garret, and the most despicable nonsense in fine chambers of state. But the real secret is, they find those poor garreteers, whom they abuse in such an unchristian manner, to be in the right, and they cannot bear the reflection that poor men should think more correctly than themselves. I do not tell your Lordship this, because I in the least suspect you of patronizing such ignorant scribblers, but because I would advise you to disclaim them when they insinuate such an infamous falsehood, and to punish them for libellers if they dare to persist. I could write a great deal more, but I fear I have already trespassed too much on your Lordship's patience and good nature, and therefore conclude by wishing you may one day or another meet the reward you richly deserve. I remain, with the most profound respect,
Your Lordship's most affectionate fellow-citizen,
JULIAN AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

To the Editor of the REPUBLICAN.

SIR,

I HAVE enclosed the sum of £1. 1s. in behalf of Mr. Carlile, and should you think the few observations accompanying it, worthy of insertion you are at liberty to do what you think proper with the same.

R. S.

As you would that men should do unto you, do you also unto them, is the only religion of the Deists; and indeed if acted upon by all mankind, there would be no necessity for the millions who are supported to deceive the weak, and mislead the superstitious. Want and poverty could no longer have existence, but universal happiness and contentment would be diffused amongst every species of the creation. Charity instead of persecution—Love instead of hatred and revenge—in short the fierce torrents of vice and immorality, we should then see converted into bright and lucid streams of virtue and benevolence. It is necessary to shew their attachment that men should act agreeable to their professions, and this cannot be done better than by relieving the necessities of the distressed. In breaking the iron arm of persecution, by yielding consolation to the oppressed, and endeavouring by every exertion to dispel the gloom and despondency that invariably hang around the unhappy inmates of a prison. I would ask Deists, the great professors of this golden rule of life, if they will let pass unnoticed an opportunity of shewing their distinguished adherence to its principle, by deserting an individual the organ of their opinions—one who has subjected himself to be cast, weighed down by manacles, amidst the horrors of a loathsome jail? or will they not rather shew their devoted zeal in maintaining it by coming forward in a period of dismay, and helping the fatherless children and widow, whose means of existence has been cut off by the arms of power and oppression? They should recollect the eyes of all mankind are cast upon their proceedings, anxiously awaiting the establishment of their claims, as the supporters of so sublime a maxim, which has been raised as the guide and standard for their directions. Can it be forgotten when the recent persecution of the Protestants by the Catholics in France occurred, that the benevolence of the *Christian* character was shewn by their lending pecuniary aid to their unfortunate brethren, *aliens* by birth, and made *enemies* of each other by the unjust systems of corrupt administrators; and can they, possessing the recollection of these occurrences, withhold their assistance from a being who has most nobly and disinterestedly published what he considered truth, and opinions with which they entirely coincide?

But why appeal to Deists *alone*? where are the devoted followers of *Jesus*—where exist the pillars of *piety* and *religion*, the believers in Christ? Do they forget it was the *rule* of their great master to *love his enemies*, to do *good* to them that *hated* him, and to lend assistance to his adversaries, with a hope of being rewarded by the justice of his God? Are all these practices of *Jesus* lost, and has Christianity degenerated into nothing but a *name*. If these things are thought good, and not acted upon by believers; then might those who deny its truth, justly exclaim in the language of the founder of the Christian religion, “Woe unto you hypocrites, ye pay tithes of mint, anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, *mercy*, and *faith*.”

Let it be recollected, it is in a country professing *Christianity* that long imprisonment, and heavy fines have been imposed on one who differs from the established religion of the land, and as no hope can be entertained, that the period of imprisonment will be shortened, so nothing else can wipe the stain of so unjust a proceeding but by *Christians*, as well as Deists contributing to the payment of the fine, therefore I would advise Deists for the sake of their character, and Christians for the maintenance of their religion, to contribute each their mite for the abatement of the misery of a fellow-creature.

ROBERT STAMP.

Goldsmith Street.

REFLECTIONS ON LAWFUL THEOLOGY.

Written after hearing a popular pulpit Orator, with Christian liberality, dispensing his “Anathemas Maranathas.”

WITH confidence which party lore inspires,
The zealot mounts the throne of the Creator,
And deals damnation in a future state,
To all who doubts his dogmas while on earth!
Good, better, best, let orthodoxy be,
But vehement declamation nothing proves:
Opinions cannot make and unmake facts,
Even Bible proof can't fix this earth on pillars,
Far less prove contradictions to be true.
The moral may be good, that man's last breath
Wafts him into the PRESENCE of his God,
To witness what his living notions were;
But if it be a doctrine which implies
The ABSENCE of the Deity on earth,

Men may at least be left, each for himself,
 To form his own opinions, and maintain them.
 If men now live, and move, and have their being
 In an omniscient, omnipresent God,
 Can they dwell NEARER in another planet,
 However distant from our native globe?
 What proof can be adduced for the opinion,
 That when men cease to live, and move, and be,
 Their something—nothing, nobody knows what,
 With new-born instinct, or magnetic charm,
 Through boundless ether wing their trackless way,
 Quick as the twinkling of the smartest eye,
 To the celestial mansions of the blessed,
 Where dwells the presence of the Omnipresent,
 In light so pure, and atmosphere transparent,
 That minus eyes, the invisible is seen!
 The saved to roam on their parole of honour,
 The damned, sent thence, to durance vile in limbo,
 To wait the assize of an assembled world?
 But it were well, if lawyers left the priests
 To punish sceptic libellers of ghosts,
 By ghostly penance in a ghostly state.
 Had Carlile's judge and jurors but considered
 That he from priests dissented not one point
 More than they did from him, they would have spurned
 The more than human task, the impious farce
 Of propping truth divine by human law!
 Man is not competent to punish mind,
 'Tis God's prerogative alone to judge
 The motives which govern a man's opinions:
 Society requires a mutual pledge
 Of liberty from each, for general good;
 But overt action only own its rules,
 Opinion scouts all human legislation.
 The most unheedful of the passing scenes,
 Must have observed, amid the war of creeds,
 The Spain-like arguments of English saints:
 As if the livings of tithe-lifting priests,
 The secular rewards of legal faith,
 And Bible Quixotes, vending bales of Bibles,
 Were not a match for one poor, plain Bersan,
 Who, in obedience to the Christian code,
 Searched for himself, that he might all things prove,
 And hold fast only that which he found good;
 That such an one should be esteemed a sun-
 Whose beams of reason would eclipse the Bible,
 As Sol eclipses Luna at noon-day,
 Implies a foul suspicion of that book,

Unworthy of the origin assigned it :
 It savours of a public, plain admission
 That all the host of priests and mitred heads
 Shrunk, self-condemned, unequal to the task,
 Till armed with the brute-argument of force !
 Good souls ! their Maker must be in their debt
 For this their pious aid in time of need !
 Their friend, the Devil, must be also grateful
 For Devil's duty done to Dick Carlile !
 Admitting that the Age of Reason's nonsense,
 And the whole Bible a consistent book
 Of well-attested, heaven-born truths sublime,
 Since faith and doubt depend on no man's will,
 But as the evidence to him appears,
 Belief's no merit, unbelief no crime.
 Did Deity shew favour to the few
 Who style themselves his favourites on earth
 Were they exempted from the ills of life,
 The losses, crosses, which perplex the mind,
 The thousand pains, and sicknesses, and death,
 Which level all,—were saints from these exempt,
 None would be doubters, all would be believers,
 The substitution-system would prevail,
 Without the aid of poverty's last penny,
 Till the grim tyrant death, with all his train
 Of life-harassing, peace-destroying ills,
 Would vanish like the mist before the sun.
 But facts are stubborn witnesses of facts,
 The faithful and the faithless share alike—
 Each stands alike in his own room and stead—
 Each for himself enjoys, and lives, and dies !
 Can man by proxy eat, or drink, or sleep ?
 Can man by proxy suffer or enjoy ?
 Where lives the man whose faith hath stretch'd life's span,
 Beyond the verge of healthful nature's bounds ?
 The reveries of the fancy may amuse,
 But true philosophy keeps pace with knowledge :
 Facts must be facts, opinion cannot change
 Our present state, nor influence our future.—
 Place-hunting Counsellors may rant and rave,
 And vomit Philippics to gull the crowd,
 May land the faith indigenous to the soil
 Where popery, priests, pigs, and pota oes thrive ;
 But this side of the water, chilish things,
 Are giving place to manly, common sense.
 Statesmen, for statesmen's ends, may priests support,
 As state theology supports the state :
 Plain truth no favour asks from courts or kings,
 But justice measured by the golden rule :

The sun requires no attorney's rude blast
 To blow out gas-lights lest he be outshone!
 True lovers of the Bible must lament
 The insidious attempt to prove it false,
 As if pure gold should dread the chemist's test.

THOMAS SEARCH.

Paisley, 22nd Nov. 1819.

TO MR. RICHARD CARLILE.

"In primisq[ue] hominis est propria veri inquisitio atque investigatio."

Cic. De Officiis.

SIR,

My pecuniary means will not admit of contributing largely towards the restitution of that property, which I confidentially, however, trust, public justice, as an atonement for your undeserved punishment, will eventually restore to you ten-fold! When I inform you, that, like yourself, I am a conscientious *Deist*, you will justly calculate upon that characteristic love of truth, liberality of sentiment, sincerity, and benevolence, through which the professors of pure *Deism* stand contrasted with the pride, selfishness, rancour, and intolerance of the great majority of those who denominate themselves "*Christians*."

My reverential respect for *Trial by Jury*, the only remaining pillar of the boasted liberties of the British Nation, precludes me from any further comment on the verdicts lately pronounced against you, than what is conveyed in my most sincere and ardent prayer, that the proverbial *chicanery*, and loose morals of expectant crown lawyers, may, for the last time, have so far triumphed over justice and reason!! Never again, may twelve British jurors be found to countenance a proposition so revoltingly wicked, dangerous, and absurd, as the confounding, *Christian doctrines*, with those immutable and incontrovertible principles of justice, which can alone be recognized, through universal consent, as the foundation of common, or natural, in contradistinction to statute.

Good heavens! what a precious code of laws the publicists of Europe would have digested for mankind, if they had studied Ethics in the endless contradictions and absurdities of *Trinitarian* and other *Christian creeds*; and if illustration of belief is to be sought in the practice of believers, we may turn for an appropriate specimen to *Christian Yeomanry Cavalry*, and *Christian magistrates*, sanctioned by the high approbation of *Christian ministers*, in the name of our most *Christian Prince Regent*; and finally approved and ratified by decisive *Christian majorities* of

both houses of Parliament!! The Prince has only one alternative---let him dismiss his imbecile advisers, or make up his mind to exhibit the British name and character to the scorn and derision of all the enlightened part of the civilized world!!

Alas, England! how art thou fallen! From taking the lead in the pursuit of *truth*, the foundation of all useful knowledge, and, according to the high authority I have quoted in my motto, the first and most important duty of mankind; behold her, this once renowned England, in her *dotage*, attempting to arrest the progress of the human mind, and extinguish the *light of heaven*!!

I request your acceptance of £5. and also avail myself of this opportunity to enclose £5. in behalf of the victims of the *law breakers* at Manchester; not doubting the willingness of the patriotic Editor of this paper,* to forward each sum accordingly. With best wishes for the health, and future prosperity of yourself and family, believe me your sincere friend,

T.

London,
1st December.

To the Editor of the REPUBLICAN.
ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

WITHOUT the Liberty of the Press, the public authority can neither be enlightened, or responsible; and if this liberty has, like all human things, any inconveniencies, it may be said that, like the lance of Achilles, it heals all the wounds it has caused.

This liberty is even more necessary in Monarchies than in Republics, because there is always found round every throne, even those on which the best kings are seated, a crowd of courtiers, which prevents the voice of the upright from penetrating to the monarch. It is indeed, the only channel by which the latter can be informed of the public opinion, which, sooner or later, causes a terrible explosion, whenever, instead of manifesting itself by a noble and frank opposition, it ferments in silent darkness. In some countries, attempts have been made to regulate the Press, but it was found impossible to regulate without destroying it; for, it is not more possible to punish thoughts before they are produced, than actions before they are committed. The operations of the tribunal alone can repress the abuse of both one and the other.

In matters of religion, no book which can be answered, ought to be prosecuted; nor can you find any honour in such prosecution, no more than you can shew charity in obtaining it. A minister of *truth* begging the aid of *worldly* penalties, in a dispute about

* These subscriptions and this letter were received by the Editor of "Wooler's Gazette."

spirituals, makes a poor, a strange, and a scandalous figure. Such conduct can only suit worldly designs, and betrays, if not the weakness of his cause, at least his inability to defend it. To oppose force to just reasoning is unjust. To answer false reasoning by force, is foolish and unnecessary. A bad cause is quickly refuted; a good cause easily defended. Christianity, though it can bear much severity and violence, can never exercise, nor warrant any.

The Christian name never was more abused, than when prostituted to justify rigour and violence; punishments for opinion, might indeed be of ecclesiastical, but it never could be of Christian origin.

JOHN S. SIDNEY.

Inner Temple,
Nov. 24th, 1819.

REPUBLICAN IDEAS.

Translated from the French of De Voltaire.

(Supposed to have been written by a Citizen of Geneva.)

BY JULIAN AUGUSTUS ST. JOHN.

(Continued from a former Number.)

XVI.

Those laws which concern distributive justice, properly called jurisprudence, have every where been found insufficient, equivocal, uncertain; because those in power, have always been more occupied with their own particular interest, than with that of the public. In the twelve great tribunals of France, there are twelve different species of jurisprudence. What is true in Arragon, became false in Castille; what is just on the banks of the Danube, is unjust on those of the Elba. The Roman laws themselves, which are daily invoked in all our tribunals, were sometimes contradictory.

XVII.

When a law is obscure, it is necessary that it should be explained by the whole body of the people, because all are supposed to have been concerned in its promulgation; unless the people have delegated that power to a certain number of citizens chosen expressly for the purpose.

XVIII.

When the times are sensibly changed, there are laws which ought also to be changed. Thus, when Tiptolemus taught the Athenians the use of the plough, they found it necessary to abolish that part of their police which related to the gathering of acorns. In those times, when the academies of Europe were composed of nothing but priests, when they only possessed the jargon of science, it was thought proper that nobody but a priest should choose the professors of the sciences—it was the police of the acorns: but at present, when the laws are enlightened, the civil power ought to resume its right of distributing chairs and professorships.

XIX.

That law which permits a citizen to be imprisoned without a previous information, and without even the formality of law, would be barely tolerable in times of confusion and war; it would be unjust and tyrannical in time of peace.

XX.

A sumptuary law, which is good in a republic that is poor and void of the arts, becomes absurd, when the city has arrived at industry and opulence. It deprives the artist of the proper gain which this wealth would procure him; it is to prohibit those who have made fortunes, from their natural right of enjoying them; it is to extinguish industry and at once to turn the rich and the poor.

XXI.

The laws should no more regulate the splendid habits of the rich, than the rags of the poor. * Both being equally citizens, ought to be equally free. Let every man eat, dress, and sleep, as well as he can.—If you prohibit the rich man eating woodcocks, you rob the poor one, who maintains his family upon the produce of his game which he sells to the rich. If the rich man were not permitted to ornament

* Perhaps Voltaire may be right in asserting that fashion ought not to be under the control of power. But excessive luxury in dress, indicates a corrupt and vitiated state of society, and is one of the first aberrations from the simplicity of nature, that demands a revolution in manners.

his house, hundreds of artists would be ruined. The rich citizen, who humiliates his poor neighbour by his pride, enriches him by that same pride, much more than he humiliates him. Poverty should labour for opulence, in order that it may one day be equally opulent.

XXII.

A Roman law, that should have commanded Lucullus to contract his expences, would in effect have commanded him to become richer, to the end that his grandson might purchase the Republic.

XXIII.

Sumptuary laws can be agreeable only to the lazy indigent man, who is proud and jealous, too idle to labour himself, and too envious to permit his more fortunate neighbour to enjoy the fruit of his labour in peace.

XXIV.

If a republic, formed in time of religious wars, chose to drive out of its territories those sects which disturb the public peace, it may perhaps be thought to act wisely, since it considers itself as surrounded by persons infected with the plague which it wishes to keep out of his dominions. But when those times of confusion are over, when toleration is become the reigning dogma of every honest man in Europe, is it not a ridiculous piece of barbarity, to demand of every man who comes to establish himself and carry his riches into the country, "My good Sir, of what religion are you?"—Gold and silver, talents and industry, are of no particular religion.

XXV.

In a republic worthy of the name, every citizen has an undoubted right to publish his opinions. He ought to be allowed to write with as much freedom as he speaks: false

* This is perhaps one of the least defensible ideas of Voltaire. A man can never be compensated by money for the insults of overbearing pride; a wounded spirit can never be reconciled to the pride that insults it; nor can the cottager, dissemble all he can, be very content to pine in want, while he witnesses the luxury of his princely neighbours: and Goldsmith was very just when he reckoned it among the greatest blessings of a Republican cottager that he saw

No contiguous palace rear its head,

To shame the meanness of his humble shed.

EDITOR.

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Sumptuary laws can be agreeable only to the lazy indigent man, who is proud and jealous, too idle to labour himself, and too envious to permit his more fortunate neighbour to enjoy the fruit of his labour in peace.

XXIV.

If a republic, formed in time of religious wars, chose to drive out of its territories those sects which disturb the public peace, it may perhaps be thought to act wisely, since it considers itself as surrounded by persons infected with the plague which it wishes to keep out of his dominions. But when those times of confusion are over, when toleration is become the reigning dogma of every honest man in Europe, is it not a ridiculous piece of barbarity, to demand of every man who comes to establish himself and carry his riches into the country, "My good Sir, of what religion are you?"—Gold and silver, talents and industry, are of no particular religion.

XXV.

In a republic worthy of the name, every citizen has an undoubted right to publish his opinions. He ought to be allowed to write with as much freedom as he speaks: false

This is perhaps one of the least defensible ideas of Voltaire. A man can never be compensated by money for the insults of overbearing pride; a wounded spirit can never be reconciled to the pride that insults it; nor can the cottager, dissemble all he can, be very content to pine in want, while he witnesses the luxury of his princely neighbours: and Goldsmith was very just when he reckoned it among the greatest blessings of a Republican cottager that he saw

No contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed. EDITOR.

opinions propagated in writing ought to be punished in the same manner as absurdities in conversation, that is, by being laughed at and despised. Such is the law of England, a monarchical country, it is true, but where men are free more than elsewhere, because they are more enlightened.*

XXVI.

Of all republics, the smallest would seem to be the most happy, when its liberty is insured by its situation, and when it is the interest of all its neighbours to preserve that liberty. Motion, it would seem, ought to be more easy and uniform in a small than in a large machine, of which the springs are more complicated, and where the more violent friction interrupts the play of the machine. But as pride finds its way into the head of every man, the fury of commanding one's equals is the predominate passion of the human mind, as by having a more intimate knowledge of each other, ambitious citizens only hate each other the more; it sometimes happens that a small state undergoes more revolutions than a large one.

XXVII.

What remedy can we find for this evil?—Reason, which will in the end be heard, when the voice of the passions shall be tired with its continued exertions. Then the two parties will recede a little in their pretensions for fear of worse—but time is necessary for all things.

XXVIII.

In a small republic the people seems to demand more attention than in a large one, because it is much easier to make one thousand people attend to reason than forty thousand. Thus, there would be much danger in attempting to govern Venice, which has so long sustained the attacks of the Ottoman empire, than Saint Marino, which never conquered any thing but a mill which it was soon obliged to give up.

* This was perhaps true in Voltaire's day, but things have altered since.

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(To be continued.)